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sheet, put the cyst in and tied the sheet catacorner both ways, hung it from a large pole and two men carried it down the street to the judge's house. He looked at it in great astonishment. "*Mashallah* (What the Lord is able to do)!" was his first comment. The great cyst was carried around and exhibited to every prominent house in the city and was the talk of the place. Then after three or four days, being a thin-walled structure, it burst, and that was the end of the first chapter.

But there was another chapter to the story of the cyst. Six months later I was in Katif on a visit and a man came into the reception room. "Do you know," he asked my host, "who this man is?"

"Well," he replied, "I know who he says he is. He says he is the doctor from Bahrein."

"That is just who he is. Do you know what he did?"

"No, what did he do?"

"What did he do? Why this is the man who operated on the woman from Bedaiah. He took an enormous sack from her abdomen. They took it to the judge and to the various prominent houses of Bahrein and showed it everywhere, and after three or four days decided that they would like to know what was inside, so they opened it up and a live chicken jumped out of it."

Some of the missionaries overheard the following description of one of the hospital operations. "What do you think," said the narrator, "that I saw this morning? I was in the operating room of the American Hospital and a man came in. The doctor listened to his chest with that funny little machine that he puts in his ears. 'Yes,' he said almost at once, 'there is something the matter with your heart. You will have to be operated on.' So he was put up on the operating table and the doctor made